

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

NOVEMBER • 1957



VOLUME 39 NOVEMBER 1957 NUMBER 2

*COVER—THE "AFTER" HARVEST	
Phoebe Erickson	1
BACK COVER—PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S MESSAGE	
To the Members of the American Junior Red Cross	28
NOVEMBER THEME—WE HAVE JOINED AJRC	
Thanksgiving Means Thanks-living...	11
Gift Box Song	15
A Day of Thanksgiving	16
On Your Mark!	22
News from our "NEWS" Readers ..	26
Be Sharp! Be Safe!	27
ADVENTURE—NEW WORLD AND OLD	
*On the Danger Trail	4
*Hidden Treasure	18
OUR THANKSGIVING SYMBOL	
*Turkey Talk	8
ALGONQUIN FOLK TALE	
*Singing Elk and the North Wind....	12
READ-ALoud STORY	
*The Littlest Elephant	24

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EXPLORING OUR WORLD

November NEWS Cover

Phoebe Erickson, who has illustrated 10 books and has written and illustrated 6 others, one of which brought her the William Allen White award, is our cover artist this month. She explains her November NEWS cover by saying:

"The drawing shows the 'after' harvest; the foraging of wild animals in a cornfield; a few ears are always either left or overlooked. Raccoons and skunks fatten up for winter's hibernation on such gatherings. The fox, the most poetic of all wildlife, watches the moon, and will later bark at it. I have seen this performance many and many a time. This scene is sketched from our Vermont farm."

Winter's on its Way

Nancy Feinberg, 5th grader in the Pierce School, Brookline, Massachusetts, sent us this poem she wrote:

We'll soon be wearing hats and boots
And be ready for school when the whistle toots.
When we get home we'll play in the snow,
Up the hill with our sleds, then down we will go.
When it gets dark we'll start for the shed.
Soon after that we'll get ready for bed.

Service for Children in Disasters

The total value of disaster aid to children overseas last year amounted to \$119,000. All this was made possible because you gave to the American Red Cross Children's Fund.

Hungarian child refugees in Yugoslavia were furnished shoes.

Greek children in the earthquake areas received needed articles to the amount of \$5,000 from the ARC Children's Fund, as well as 20 school chests.

Turkish child victims of the earthquake in May received 3,000 sweatshirts, 18 school chests, and a cash grant of \$3,000 for the purchase of shoes by the Turkish Red Crescent.

A Reader Writes

The April NEWS is an excellent issue. My 4th graders were thrilled to see that the magazine is devoted to a study of Hawaii. This happens to be the topic we are studying in social studies.—Miss Hermine Kousek, New York, N. Y.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

**We like
to send
gifts to
our friends
in other
lands**

*Our gifts to Korea make
life easier for school chil-
dren, like this little girl in
the Sung Buk School,
Seoul, who tries out colored
chalk from AJRC.*

ARC photo by Betty Burleigh





On the Danger Trail

By Odessa Davenport

THE SUN was almost setting behind the low brown hills when Mr. Sanders' four ox-drawn wagons drew off the dusty Santa Fe Trail. Soon they creaked to a stop on the treeless banks of the Arkansas River. Under the white canvas wagon-tops were bolts of calico, shawls, laces, cooking-pots, knives and tools, to be sold to the people of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Tom and Lutie Sanders sat beside their father on the seat of the lead wagon. Back in Independence on the Missouri, there had been no one to leave them with, so here they were, almost half-way on the 700-mile journey, most of it through Indian country.

Mr. Logan, the Wagon Master, rode up.

"We'll make camp now, Mr. Sanders," he said. "There's good grass here for the oxen."

Tom and Lutie climbed down over the big front wagon wheel. "Don't go far from camp," Mr. Sanders cautioned the children.

"Every time we camp, Father tells us not to go too far away," Tom said. "As if I could, when I have no horse to ride!"

"Only Mr. Logan and the two hunters have horses," Lutie reminded him. "All the other men, even Father, drive wagons."

"I don't care! I wish I had a horse!"

"I wish something, too," Lutie said sadly. "I wish I hadn't lost my doll the night we camped at Diamond Spring."

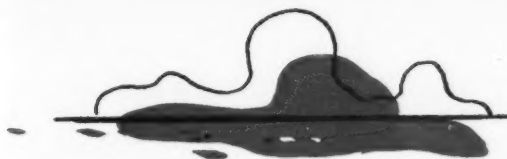
"That was too bad." Tom patted his small sister's shoulder.

"Let's go down by the river and play in the sand," Lutie suggested.

"I'm tired of doing that," Tom said. "I'd rather climb that small hill over there. Maybe we could see something interesting from the top."

"All right," Lutie agreed. They scrambled up the slope.

"Hm-m-m," Tom said. "Nothing to see



ILLUSTRATED BY LOU NOLAN

from here but another hill just like this one. But maybe beyond that—let's go, Lutie."

From the top of the second hill there was nothing more to see than from the first one.

"Might as well go back," Tom said disgustedly. "Father wouldn't want us to go any farther than this, and anyway, the sun's gone down." He took Lutie's hand. Then he stood still, a startled look on his face.

"Which—which way did we come?"

"Why—that way, of course," Lutie said, pointing.

Tom laughed. "Of course," he said. "These hills look so much alike, for a minute I wasn't sure."

They went down the hill and started to climb the next slope. "When we get to the top we will see the river," Tom said.

But when they reached the brow of the little hill, there was no camp in sight. Nor even a river. Tom put his arm around Lutie.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "We aren't lost. The wagon train is just over the next hill."

Lutie clung to him as twilight came down over the barren hills. Soon it would be dark.

"I'm—I'm tired," Lutie sobbed. "And cold. I can't climb another hill."

"But we have to keep going," Tom urged. "Come. We won't climb this next hill—we'll walk around it. Maybe we'll find the camp just on the other side."

In the darkness the two children rounded the hill—and almost walked into an Indian tepee made of buffalo skins. A tall Indian and his plump squaw sat on the ground by a small cooking fire, eating their supper. Somewhere close by, horses stamped and whinnied.

Tom and Lutie turned and ran. They heard the two Indians pounding after them, calling strange words they did not understand, coming closer every minute.

Then Lutie stumbled and fell.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "I've hurt my foot."

Tom tried to help her up, but she could not stand. In another moment the Indians caught up with the children. The squaw lifted Lutie in her arms, the Indian man took a firm grip on Tom's shoulder. In a few minutes they were all back at the tepee.

The squaw put Lutie down on a blanket close to the fire and looked carefully at the jagged cut on her foot, evidently made by a sharp rock. Then the Indian woman went off into the darkness, came back with a handful of sweet-smelling leaves. She pounded them between two rocks, then bound the crushed leaves on Lutie's foot. Tom wriggled out of the Indian man's grasp.

"Me, Wah-loo," the squaw said, pointing to herself. "Him, Nic-o-man."

"Me, Tom. Her, Lutie," Tom returned. Both Indians smiled and nodded.

The children weren't afraid any more. The warmth of the fire felt good. Wah-loo gave them a kind of mush made of ground and roasted corn. Tom and Lutie ate hungrily.

Nic-o-man began to talk, pointing in one direction, then another.

"I believe he is asking us where we came from," Lutie said. "Tell him, Tom."

"How can I?" Tom demanded. "They don't seem to know any English words except *me* and *him*."

"You can make signs and draw pictures, can't you?"

Tom thought a minute. Then he picked up a sharp stick and drew a long, straight line in the ashes by the campfire. That was for the Santa Fe Trail. Close beside it he drew a wavy line to represent the Arkansas River. Then he traced the outline of a covered wagon and held up four fingers to show how many there were. Nic-o-man nodded. Tom hoped the Indian had understood, but he was not sure.

Wah-loo made a bed of buffalo robes inside the tepee and tucked Lutie into it. Lutie felt so lonesome she started to cry quietly. The squaw went to the other side of the tepee and came back with an Indian doll. It wore a beautiful dress made of soft white deer-skin embroidered with red and blue porcupine quills. She put the doll in Lutie's arms.

"Oh, thank you!" Lutie cried, cuddling the doll in her arms as she fell asleep.

Tom was given a blanket. He rolled up in it and lay down by the fire close to Wah-loo and Nic-o-man.

Before daylight the next morning Wah-loo woke the children, gave them roasted buffalo meat, telling them by signs to hurry. She bound fresh leaves on Lutie's foot. It felt better, but Lutie still could not stand on it.

Nic-o-man brought two horses and a pony to the door of the tepee. The pony was harnessed to what Tom had heard his father call a travois. It was made of two long slender poles, the large ends hanging from the pony's shoulders, the small ends dragging on the ground several feet behind the pony's hind legs. Here there was a sort of platform between the poles woven of strips of rawhide.



The Indians took Lutie and Tom to their camp fire.

An hour went by as they traveled. Suddenly they came to the place by the river where the wagon train had camped the night before. But the wagon train was gone. Tom knew that no one dared to stop on the Santa Fe Trail, or wander far from it, even to look for lost children.

The Indians had understood what he had tried to tell them the night before, Tom thought, and had done their best to bring him and Lutie back to their father. But their father had been forced to go on. What would happen to them now?

Nic-o-man and Wah-loo talked together for a moment. Then they motioned for Tom to follow them. They all set off along the Trail in the direction the wagon train had gone. But now they traveled even faster than before. Lutie was bounced around so much that the beautiful doll almost bounced out of her hand. She tucked it deep under the buffalo robe.

The sun rose higher. Once in a while Nic-o-man stopped, looked carefully at the tracks left by the wagon wheels in the dust of the trail. He seemed pleased by what he saw.

Suddenly Nic-o-man pointed ahead. There in the distance Tom saw a cloud of dust.

"Father's wagon train—just ahead!" Tom shouted.

They hurried on. Finally Tom could make out the wagons, with the three horsemen riding at the side. That would be Mr. Logan, the Wagon Master, and the two hunters.

Nic-o-man let out a strange wild screech. The men on horseback turned. One of the hunters galloped to the lead wagon, jumped from his horse, waving his arms and shouting. Tom's father leaped from the wagon seat, jumped on the hunter's horse, and came racing toward them. Mr. Logan joined him.

Suddenly Tom's joy turned to horror. His father pulled a pistol from his holster and aimed it straight at Nic-o-man. At that instant Mr. Logan struck Mr. Sanders' arm, knocking it upward.

"Sanders!" he shouted. "Don't you see these are Delaware Indians?"

The pistol went off with a tremendous bang, but because of what Mr. Logan had done, the bullet didn't come near Nic-o-man.

"You know the Delawares are always friendly to Americans," Mr. Logan went on. "What are you trying to do—set the whole tribe against us?"

"I'm—I'm sorry," Mr. Sanders stammered. "I was so excited. I thought they had kidnapped my children—were coming to collect ransom. I didn't look to see what tribe they belonged to."

Mr. Sanders hugged Lutie and Tom, while the children poured out the story of how kind

Nic-o-man and Wah-loo had been to them. Then he unfastened the thongs that held Lutie to the travois, and lifted her in his arms. She held tightly to the Indian doll. Tom started to climb off the pony. Nic-o-man stopped him. He pointed first to himself, then to the pony, then to Tom.

"Me—*chapa*—you," he said.

"You mean you are giving the pony to me?" Tom asked.

Nic-o-man nodded. Wah-loo pointed to the doll in Lutie's arms. "Wah-loo—*meetah*—her," she grinned. Lutie gasped with joy.

"Mine—to keep!" she exclaimed "Oh, thank you, Wah-loo!"

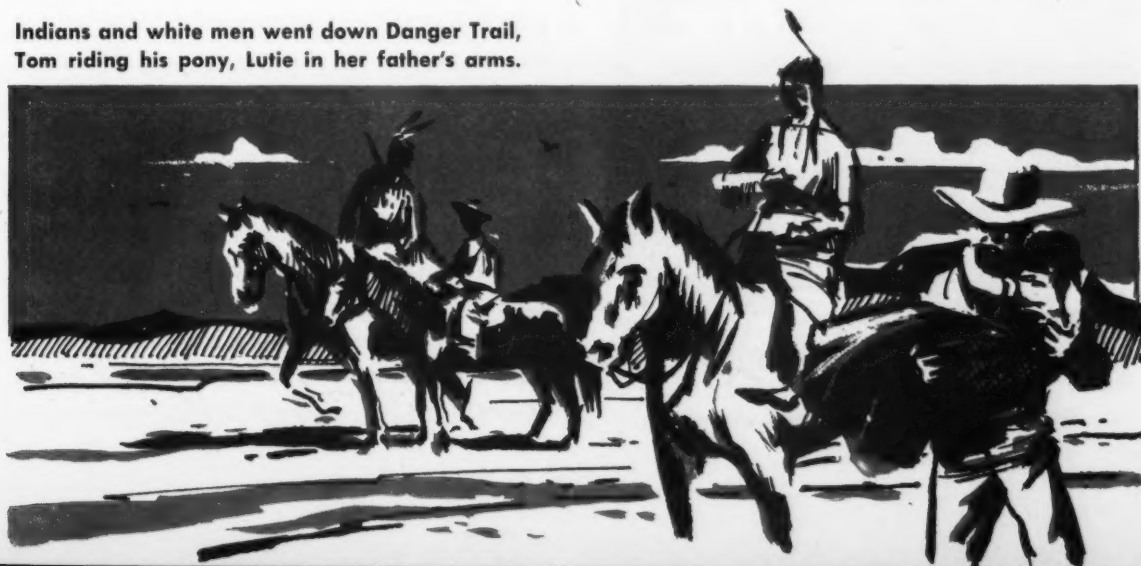
Mr. Sanders began to smile. "Me—you," he said, pointing to himself, to the Indians, and then to the wagons up ahead on the Trail. "You brought my children back to me. I have presents for you—beads and red calico, and bells to trim your horses' bridles—anything you want."

Even though Nic-o-man and Wah-loo did not understand exactly what Mr. Sanders said, they understood very well the friendship and gratitude in his voice and smile. They all started off down the Trail together, the white men, the children, and the two Indians.

Because of the kindness of Wah-loo and Nic-o-man, the Danger Trail hadn't been dangerous at all. They went on toward the wagons, Tom riding his pony, Lutie in her father's arms, hugging the beautiful Indian doll.

(THE END)

Indians and white men went down Danger Trail, Tom riding his pony, Lutie in her father's arms.





TURKEY TALK

By WILL BARKER, author of
"Familiar Animals of America"

Illustrations by Bob Hines

Did you know that the wild turkey was once suggested as the bird for our national emblem? The suggestion was made by Benjamin Franklin during the six years in which Congress searched for an appropriate design to appear on the seal of the United States. Franklin wanted the turkey because this bird was native only to Central and North America.

Of course Franklin's suggestion was not adopted. The bald eagle was selected because the strong, high-soaring eagle had been considered the symbol of power and freedom for centuries. As long ago as 3,000 B.C. the people living in Southern Mesopotamia used the eagle as their symbol. Later the Romans

decorated their standards with eagles, and in 1782 Congress adopted the bald eagle as our national emblem.

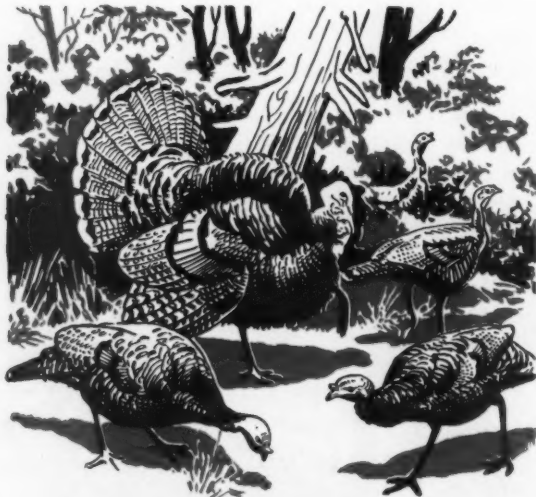
When Franklin learned that the bald eagle had been adopted as our national emblem, he stated his opinion on the choice in a letter to a friend.

"I wish," he wrote January 20, 1784, "the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the Representative of our Country; he is a bird of bad moral Character; like those among Men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy.

"The Turkey is a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original Native of America."

The bird Franklin wanted for our national emblem is almost a native of North America. There are no turkeys south of the Central American Republic of Panama, whereas the bald eagle belongs to a family of world-wide distribution. And Congress might have adopted the turkey for our national emblem for another reason.

One species of this gleaming, bronze bird roamed the swamps and forests of the eastern half of the United States in flocks that numbered thousands of birds. The abundance of the eastern wild turkey was great good fortune for early colonists. Settlers in Virginia and those in New England had in the turkey a plentiful supply of food near their crude homes.



Strutting gobble with harem of hens.

Without the turkey these first white settlers might have had an even more difficult time to survive than they did. And this might well have been still a third reason for adopting the wild turkey for our emblem.

Although Franklin's suggestion for our national emblem never became a reality, the wild turkey did become the symbol of Thanksgiving. This holiday was first proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln in October of 1863. The President made it a national holiday at the urging of Sarah Josepha Buell Hale, the author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Mrs. Hale wrote the President on September 23, 1863, asking him to set aside the last Thursday in November "as a day of Thanksgiving." Since then the holiday has been observed each and every year. A part of the observance is the custom of serving turkey at Thanksgiving dinner.

The white and dark meat and the meat from the drumsticks and wishbones of today's Thanksgiving turkeys are those of tame or domestic birds. The ancestor of today's table turkey was the little wild turkey of Mexico.

By the time Cortez, the Spanish explorer, reached Mexico in 1519 the Aztecs were raising turkeys just as any modern farmer raises ducks, geese, or chickens. Quantities of these birds were kept on hand to be fed to the animals in the zoo of Montezuma, the last Aztec emperor. And the Spaniards are thought to have taken some of Montezuma's turkeys back to Spain when they went home in 1520.

The turkey became established in Spain, and within a few years this American bird was brought to other countries in continental Europe. By 1573 the turkey was introduced into the British Isles. Here, it quickly became one of the dishes at the Christmas dinner table of every farmer.

No doubt some of the Englishmen who ate turkey for Christmas were among those who emigrated to America. In addition to

furnishings for their new homes, the emigrants brought with them livestock of all kinds. And some of the animals included the turkey.

You can imagine how surprised these first settlers must have been upon their arrival in America, to discover that one of the most abundant wild animals then was the wild turkey. Our first settlers would have been probably even more surprised had they known that the turkeys brought from England had originated in the New World more than one hundred years before.

The great flocks of turkeys that the New England settlers discovered roamed through the hardwood forests of that area. And for about three months during the early spring the male birds announced their presence with a loud and throaty "gil-obble-obble-obble." This call attracts hen turkeys, and in time a gobble rounds up several females, that are known as a harem.

Each hen lays 7 to 20 white eggs on which there are rusty splotches. The eggs are laid in crudely built nests on the ground. The hen sits on the eggs until they hatch, and she rears the young without any help from the gobbler. Usually, the eggs hatch in June. By fall a young hen weighs 6 to 8 pounds,



Female wild turkey with her young.



Design of the First Wildlife Conservation postage stamp, issued in 1956, was made by Bob Hines.

while a young gobbler weighs 2 to 4 pounds more.

Undoubtedly, the "gil-obble-obble-obble" of the male wild turkey is responsible for the name "gobbler." But no one knows with any certainty where the name turkey comes from.

One reason for the name may be this: the turkey has a naked and highly colored piece of skin hanging down from its throat. This is known as the wattle. The wattle and the dangling breast feathers look something like the tassel on a Turk's fez, hence the name "turkey."

The bird's ordinary call note, "turc, turc, turc," may be the reason for the name. Or it may come from "tukki" a word applied to the bird by Mediterranean traders, who sold the turkey when it was first introduced in Europe. A number of people think that the name comes from "furkee." This is an Indian word used by several tribes of North American Indians.

I like to think that the name does come from "furkee." This truly American name was used by some of the country's original inhabitants. And among them were Indians who befriended the members of the Plymouth Colony during that first year of hardship in a wilderness country.

Together with the men who wrote the

Mayflower Compact and other members of the Colony, some Indians in the vicinity of Plymouth sat down at that first feast of Thanksgiving in 1621.

One of the foods on the Thanksgiving table was wild turkey. In the centuries to come this bird grew scarcer and scarcer. The turkeys decreased as more and more forests were cut and as acre after acre of land was plowed and planted. Three centuries or so after the first Thanksgiving dinner, there were so few wild turkeys left by the 1930's that the chances of the bird's survival did not seem possible.

Now, due to proper wildlife management, the turkey is increasing. In fact, there is no danger of its being added to the long list of extinct American wildlife.

According to the last census of these birds by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, there are more than 450,000 wild turkeys in 25 different States. In the East one of the places at which you can see these birds is Cape Romain National Wildlife Refuge. This coastal wildlife refuge is some 20 miles northeast of Charleston, S. C. In the West there are wild turkeys at the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge in southwest Oklahoma.

On such areas the "gil-obble-obble-obble" of the wild male turkey occurs just as it did in the days when Benjamin Franklin wanted the bird as our national emblem. (THE END)

**At pumpkin and turkey time
JRCers show the spirit of
Thanksgiving by making
folks happy who must spend
their holiday in the hospital.**



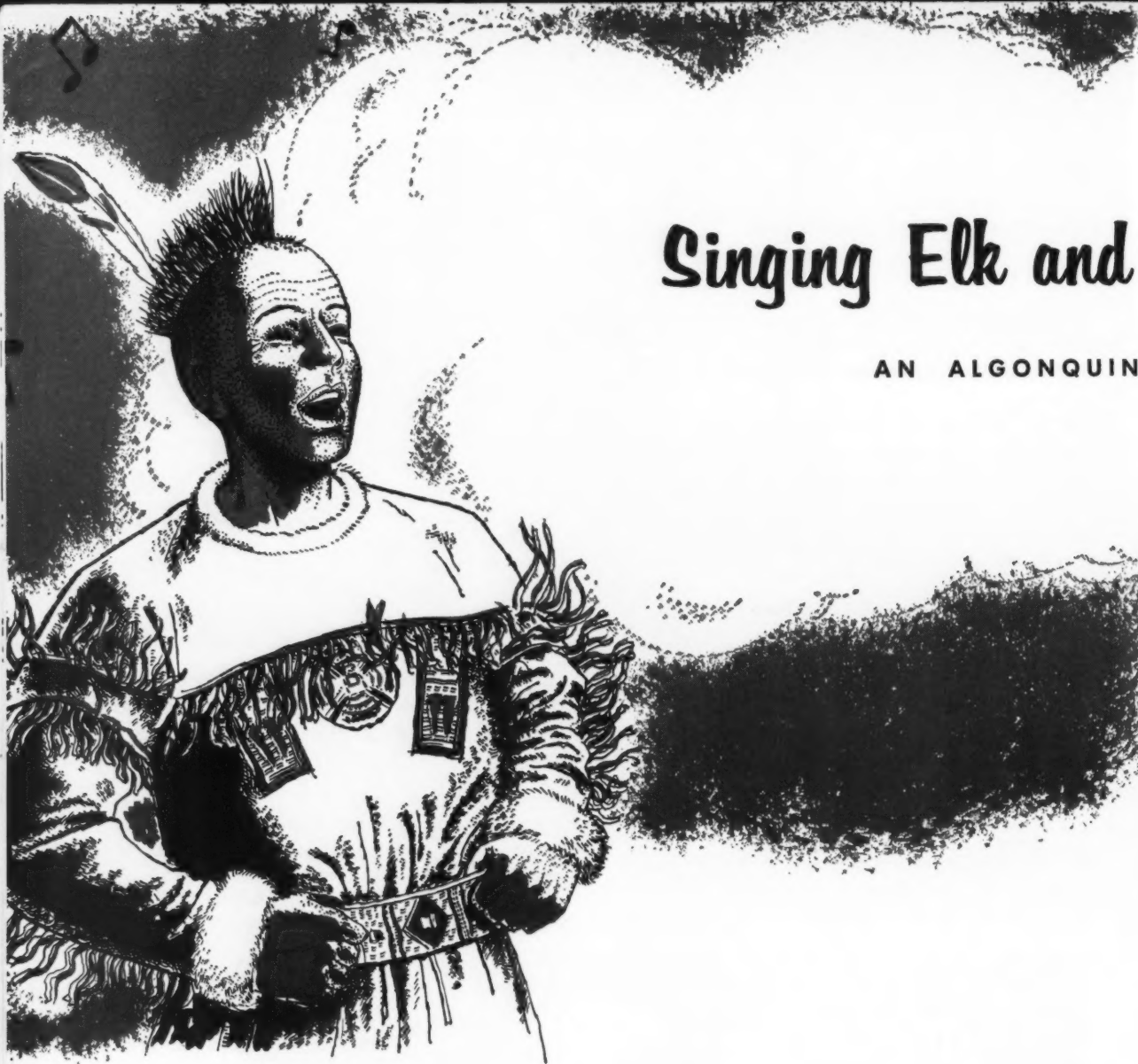
GERMANY—Girls at Kaiserlautern American School deliver favors and decorations made by JRCers for Landstuhl Army Hospital patients.

Thanksgiving means Thanks-living

VIRGINIA—Carey Brown (right) and Reid Gibbens, accompanied by Gray Lady, Mrs. J. R. Cheatham, distribute favors prepared by JRCers of Fort Monroe's Post school, to soldier patient in U. S. Army Hospital.



U. S. Army Photo



Singing Elk and

AN ALGONQUIN

IN THE LONG AGO TIMES when only Indians lived in America, dancing and singing were the chief pleasures of both young and old. The people of the villages danced and sang at the very slightest excuse. From the open meeting places in the midst of their bark-covered wigwams, their songs rang through the surrounding forests and up and down the rivers.

When their crops were good, they danced the Corn Dance, and sang their Harvest Songs to send their thanks up to the Great Spirit in his home in the sky. They sang songs

to bring rain. With songs they asked for the victory in battles with enemy tribes.


Hunters sang of their adventures with the deer and the bear they killed in the deep woods. Fishermen made songs about the great catches which they brought home in their canoes.

In the tales which the Indian grandmothers told the boys and girls of those times, songs played a great part. But in none were they more important than in the story about Singing Elk and the North Wind.

This story comes from the far northern

the North Wind

FOLK TALE



By FRANCES CARPENTER who wrote "Wonder Tales of Horses and Heroes," "Tales of a Chinese Grandmother," and other favorite books for children.

part of our land. There in the winter months, in the Time of Ice and Cold, the wind howls and the land is covered with snow. The Indians stayed indoors for many days at a time.

It was usually cozy and warm inside the bark-covered wigwams. Always a fire was kept burning under the smoke hole in each wigwam's bark roof. The men were busy mending their bows and arrows. The fingers of the women flew as they wove baskets or shaped clay into bowls or pots.

When the winter wind howled outside, the boys and girls squatted close to the grown-ups at work on the earth floor near the fire-hole. Hearing the eerie whistle of the wind, someone was almost sure to remember the old tale about the happy hunter who was known as Singing Elk.

This Indian had a lodge on the very edge of a river, far, far to the north, so the story went. People gave him his name, Singing Elk, because he was so big and strong, and because he always was singing.

Each autumn Singing Elk cut down four great trees. He chopped off their branches and made four long logs. One log there was for each of the four winter moons. As a log's end burned away in his fire-hole, he had only to pull it farther and farther inside his lodge.

The North Wind, one day, came by bent on mischief. He found Singing Elk's lodge and he blew his icy breath in through the door opening. But with his good log burning in his fire-hole, Singing Elk did not feel it. Always he was singing.

By night and by day, the North Wind sent cold drafts of air into the lodge. But Singing Elk did not stop his song.

"This man is too happy. He has no fear of my cold. He does not seem to know I am here." The North Wind whistled this shrill complaint as he peered into Singing Elk's lodge.

The Indian was sitting close to his fire-hole. He was burning the long log for that cold moon. Slowly he burned it, slowly so

that it would last the moon through. And he sang his gay songs while he watched the little red flames lick the burning end of the log.

The North Wind was not pleased.

"That man is as contented as if this were the warm Moon of Highest Sun," he complained. "He pays no attention to me and my winter's cold. I will show him that no man may so easily forget the mighty North Wind."

And the North Wind blew a still icier breath straight upon that man's back.

Still singing, the Indian turned his chilly back to the fire. And soon it was warm again. When his left side felt the fury of the North Wind, he turned around once more. When the North Wind chilled his right side, well, he simply turned that side to the fire. And always he was singing.

"If I cannot make him stop singing with my Cold, I will do it with Hunger. With Hunger I will teach this silly man to weep at my bidding." Oh, the North Wind was determined to get the best of this man whom he could not make unhappy.

He blew such deep snow drifts all through the forests that the deer and the bear, the beaver and the wild turkeys all hid themselves. Poor Singing Elk, when he went forth on his snowshoes, did not find even one rabbit track.

Then the North Wind covered the rivers and streams with ice so thick that no fish could be seen. And he whistled with pleasure.

"Now let us see Singing Elk find himself food. I will teach him to remember that my cold moons are the Hungry Time."

But Singing Elk still was not downcast. Nor was he hungry.

The stone point of the Indian's fishing spear was sharp and strong. With it he easily cut a big hole in the river ice.

Singing Elk laid himself flat on the ice beside that big hole. With a deer skin over his head to shade his eyes, he could look far down into the water under the ice. He could see all the fish there, swimming about.

When a big fish came just under the hole, Singing Elk struck. On the sharp bone hook at his spear's end, the fish was caught. It was easy to pull it up out of the hole.

First at one hole in the ice, then at another, Singing Elk made his catch. And he sang louder than ever while he dragged his big basket of fish over the snow to his lodge.

The North Wind blew helplessly around

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn



On the sharp bone hook at his spear's end, Singing Elk caught a big fish.

the man's head. His whistle grew fainter and fainter in his disappointment.

"It must be that the man's singing is pleasing to the Great Spirit," the North Wind said to himself. "The Great Spirit surely walks at the side of this singing man. I cannot freeze him. I cannot starve him. I can never best this happy child of the Great Spirit."

The North Wind went away then, so the story goes. And Singing Elk kept on singing.

When the tale was told, often one of the children would ask the old question, "Is this story true?"

Most always the same answer would come from the story-teller.

"It could be true," the old grandmother would say. "Those who told it to me said that it could be true. I do not know. But I do know the Great Spirit likes to hear his children sing. Our songs tell him we are happy and strong, and have no fear in our hearts."

The Junior Red Cross

Words by Irene Galley

Music by Fifth Grade

Pen-cils, pins, and soap and such
Go to child-ren who need so much A-cross the
seas in o-ther lands, It is re-ceived by
need-y hands, Who helps all those who feel this loss?
We, the child-ren of the Jun-ior Red Cross!

Illustrated by Jo F. Irwin

Irene Galley and her classmates in the fifth grade at Washington Heights Elementary School, Lemoyne, Pennsylvania (Harrisburg Chapter) wrote this original song about JRC gift boxes. They had the help of their teacher-sponsor, Mrs. Mildred F. Nicholas, and Mrs. Phyllis Hibsman, music supervisor. They think other classes might like to learn their song too.

A Day of Thanksgiving

When AJRC gift boxes are received by boys and girls in other countries, then comes a day of rejoicing and Thanksgiving, as pictures on these pages prove.

GERMANY (lower left)—JRC members in Berlin distribute AJRC gifts to handicapped children.

INDONESIA (lower right)—Kindergarten children in Djakarta welcome gifts from America.



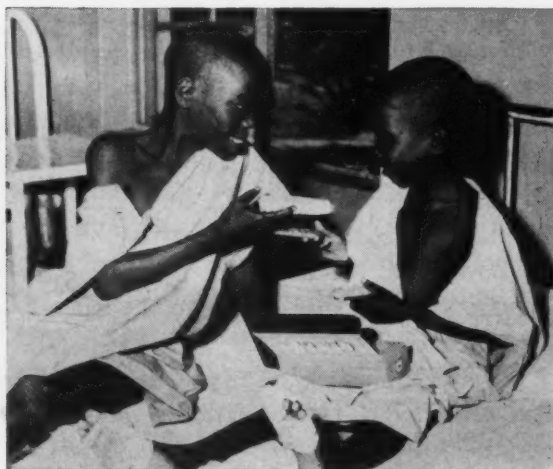


◀ **THAILAND (left)**—Girls in Bangkok open gifts sent to Thai Junior Red Cross by AJRC.

AUSTRIA (lower left)—Refugee children in Wallersdorf Camp, operated by British Red Cross, get gifts from American friends.

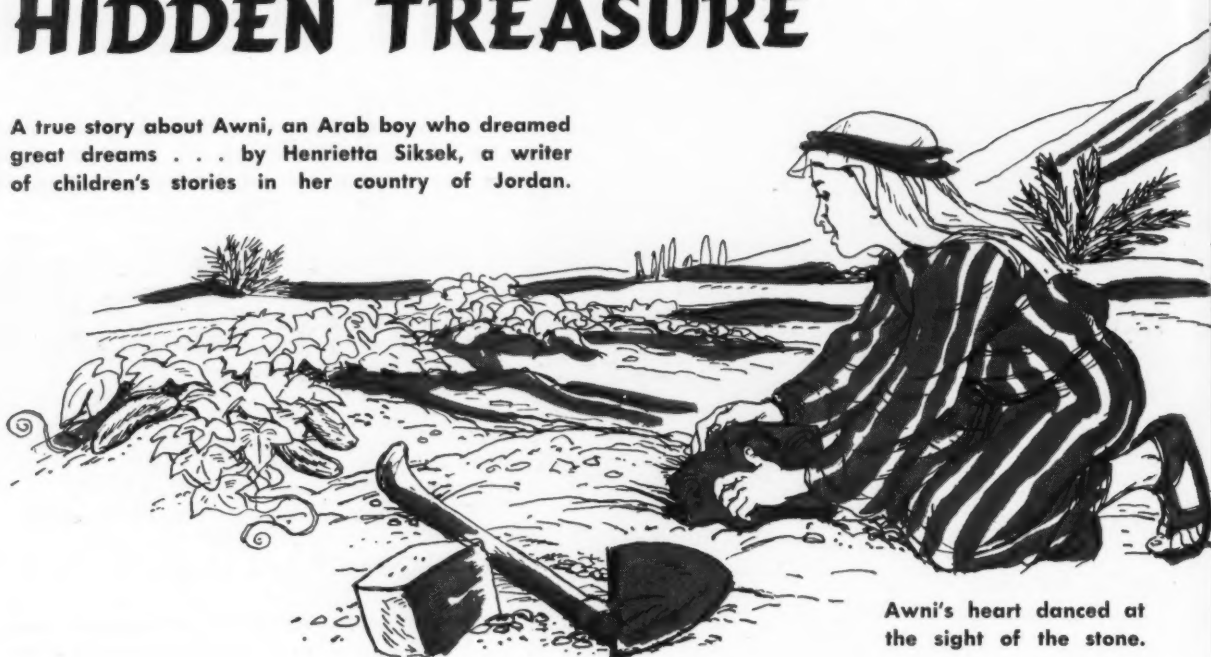
NIGERIA (lower right)—Boys in Zaria Hospital compare contents of AJRC gift boxes sent to them through British Red Cross Society.

Alle Rechte Vorbehalten



HIDDEN TREASURE

A true story about Awni, an Arab boy who dreamed great dreams . . . by Henrietta Siksek, a writer of children's stories in her country of Jordan.



Awni's heart danced at the sight of the stone.

"MOTHER," said Awni, "if I go to Jericho, I want to do as I like. What's the use of spending the holidays there, if I have to be helping Father at the plantations all the time?"

"Why, Awni," said his mother, "don't you like to help your father?"

"Frankly, I don't," said Awni. Then he added, "Mother, please don't look as though I had swallowed a whale. I don't like to help Father because I have something else more important to do in Jericho."

"Such as what?" asked his mother.

"Such as watch the excavations," said Awni.

Awni's brothers looked at each other. They winked and nodded their heads and with one voice said, "Ah-hem . . . daydreamer!"

"I'll hold you responsible for that," said Awni, scowling.

"Boys," said Mother, "this is no time for argument. Hurry up. Hop into the car and away we go."

Soon the family was on its way from Jerusalem to Jericho. The car circled round the winding hilly roads and soon drove over the

plains that lead to the lowest city in the world—Jericho.

Excitement was in the air but not for Awni. Sitting reluctantly in his seat he was repeating to himself . . . Daydream . . . daydream. They think I'm a daydreamer? I'll show them. One day I'll discover something. One day I'll be shining like a star. Then they will know what sort of a dreamer I am!"

The minute the car stopped in Jericho, Awni found his way to the excavations. He crawled over the sun-baked sands and carefully leaned forward and lay flat on his stomach. With eager searching eyes, he looked down over the edge of the deep ridge. Men were working deep down below.

One of the ancient cities of Jericho was being unearthed. Skilled workers were hard at work. To unearth a city one must know exactly how to dig and how to study every clue he finds. This kind of digging takes long years of labor, but the end is often very rewarding.

Far below in the ditch ancient city walls were slowly coming into view. At the side



Illustrated by
William Hutchinson

of one of the walls, a flight of steps could be seen. One day long ago, people had walked over these steps. Children of Awni's age may have run back and forth over them.

Fancy started to play its magic tricks in Awni's mind. One day, he thought . . . one day I shall discover a large city with a marble palace in it. The city will be full of marble colonnades and beautiful statues. Better still, I might find a Roman amphitheater like the one in Amman. Maybe I might discover a king's treasure house full of sparkling scepters and golden crowns.

"Awni! Awni!" called a voice. It was the servant.

They must have missed me at home, said Awni to himself. I'll go now, but whatever my holiday duties are, I must find enough time for a project of my own. I'll find a suitable spot and start my own excavations! Awni chuckled to himself as he went back home with the servant who had come after him.

After the holiday duties had been divided and explained, Awni found time to do a bit of sightseeing. Where should he start his own excavations?

Not in that banana plantation. It is too near the house.

Awni saw in the distance his father's cucumber garden. That would be ideal. It is far from the rest of the plantation and not so frequently visited.

When he arrived at the cucumber garden, Awni started digging. Dig . . . dig . . . dig . . . Progress was slow. How could it be otherwise, with Awni digging with a stone! Awni rested a while, then started again.

"Awni," called a familiar voice, "boys like you should have better ways to spend their

free time than digging in poor cucumber land."

"I am digging for treasure," said Awni. "All this area must be full of treasure because it is so full of history."

Awni's father laughed. "When you see a treasure, tell me about it."

Was his father making fun of him? thought Awni. Or was he serious? Awni couldn't make up his mind. At least, thought Awni, he only laughed and left. He did not tell me stop. He could have said, stop digging, I don't want you digging in my garden. What a relief Awni's father had not said that.

With renewed strength, Awni started to dig again. Dig . . . dig . . . This time he had a tool which he found lying about. Surely Father wouldn't mind his using this.

In less than an hour, he had turned up a square well-cut stone. It was nothing special but Awni felt as though he had found a treasure. He looked at the stone the way excavators do. Then he started to think, what will the excavators understand from this stone?

What a pity the stone has no carvings. Anyway it must be important. It is a well-cut stone. Human hands must have shaped it. Why then did they bury it in the ground? How many thousands of years has it been down there? Maybe there are more stones nearby.

Awni started to dig again. Dig . . . dig. Oh, wait a minute, Awni, dig carefully. Awni's heart danced with joy at the sight of the stone he had just uncovered. This stone had Arabesque carvings. Something important must be hidden below the surface of the earth in this very place. This stone may be the clue to a treasure house.

"Awni, Awni." Someone was calling him. Awni rose to his feet. I'll go now, he thought, but I'll say nothing. If I wait until I dig more, I can show them something more important. Now they may still call me a dreamer, if I show them only one stone.

All day long Awni was kept busy at the

plantations, helping to irrigate the fields. His brothers were enjoying the work in the open air. To them it seemed pleasant and a good change. To Awni it seemed a waste of time. Treasures sparkled in front of his eyes even as he helped with the chores. In his imagination, kings with crowns of gold and jewels passed by him. He could see beautiful palaces and courtyards. . . . These all seemed to dance back and forth in front of Awni, making him forget what he was supposed to be doing.

"Wake up, dreamer," shouted one of his brothers. "Close that water canal before you flood us and flood yourself."

"A dreamer, eh . . . ?" Awni smiled as he answered good-naturedly. If they have seen what I have seen, if they knew what I know about unearthing treasures, they would be worse dreamers than I am, he said to himself.

Early next morning, Awni was back at his excavation in the cucumber garden. It was good to be doing a bit of digging before work at the plantations started.

But what has happened? The stones . . . Where are they? The ditch was still there, the stones were not. Someone must have taken them.

Why? Why should anyone take away the stones? Was someone trying to play a joke on him? This was no time for joking. Was someone as interested as he in stones and carvings and excavations? If so, Awni must be careful from now on . . .

Awni lost no time starting to dig again. In the distance Krontol, the mountain of temptation, looked down at him with an encouraging air. Nearby, Elisha's spring poured out its cool waters. This neighborhood has certainly had an interesting history. Awni, what could be your share in all of this? Are you going to discover something important?

A few more stones were unearthed but not one of them had any carvings. A worker from the plantations passed by.

"Why are you working so hard, Master Awni?" he asked. "We find many of these stones as we plow. We pay no attention to them. We just throw them aside. Someone takes them away and makes use of them in building a wall."

So that was it, thought Awni. Too bad these workers don't know how valuable these stones are. He worked for a long time before another voice interrupted him.

"Hello, boy," called one of two men who were watching him. "What are you doing?"

"I am searching for treasure," said Awni. "I have just dug out these stones. These don't look very important, but you should have seen what I found yesterday. A stone carved all over with beautiful Arabesque carvings."

"Where is the stone?" the men asked.

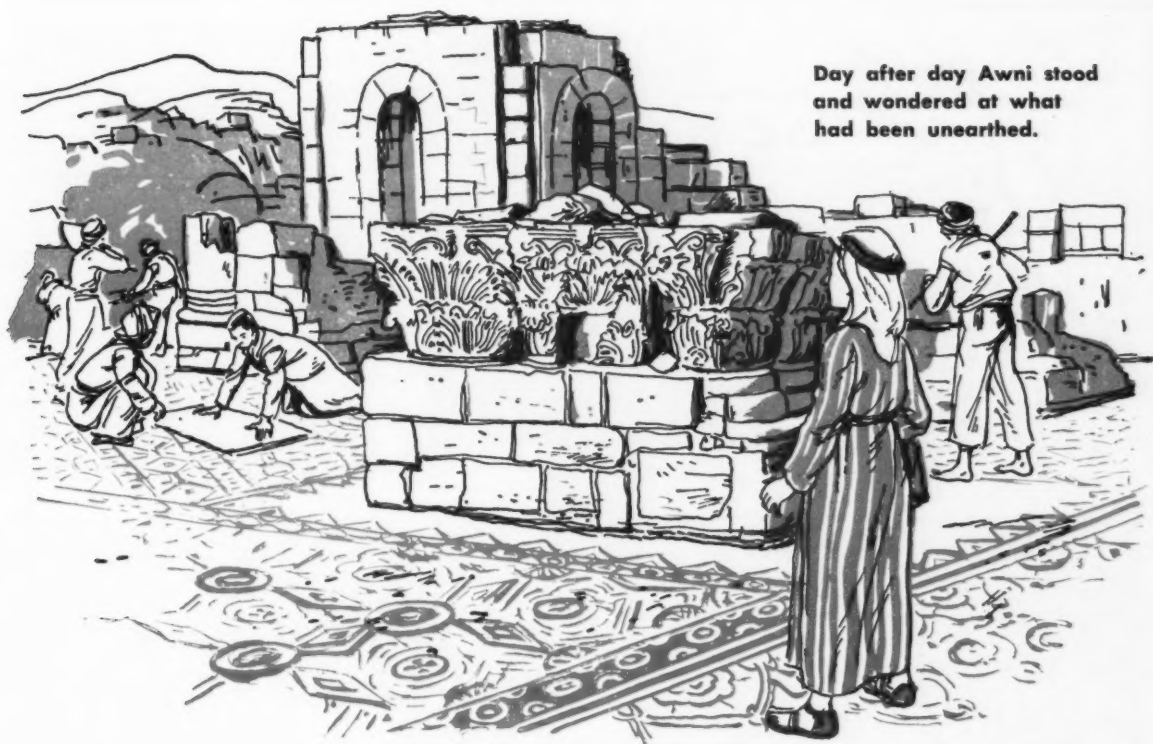
"I don't have it any more. Someone must have picked it up and taken it away. It was a treasure, I'm sure."

"So that was your stone," said one of the men. "We saw an interesting carved stone in the market. Someone said it was picked up at the side of this garden. That is why we came. We are officials and, like you, we are interested in unearthing the past. Sometimes, we find treasures. Other times, we find things that are far better for our studies than treasures are. A skull was found here that proved that man lived here thousands of years ago. That is a discovery just as important to us as the discovery of a king's palace."

Awni and the men had a long discussion. He told them about his interest in excavations and how he planned to have a project of his own. When they offered to buy the land, he took them to his father.

"Not so quick," said his father. "Not unless you can prove your good intentions. My land must never get into careless hands."

The men were ready to promise that the land would never be used except for excavation purposes. More than this, Awni was promised higher education abroad, where he



Day after day Awni stood and wondered at what had been unearthed.

could study the great art of archeology.

Things moved swiftly after that. Some months later the newspapers printed the story of the excavations in the cucumber garden named Kirbet El Mafjar on the outskirts of Jericho. It was in 1937 when a palace was unearthed. Yes, a palace as beautiful as Awni had imagined.

During an earthquake which took place in the eighth century after Christ, the palace had been destroyed. As time went by, winds blew sands over it and a large mound covered the palace ruins. It stayed hidden until an Arab boy named Awni dug for treasure and rediscovered the palace. It was a very beautiful palace, the pride of the Khalifeh Hisham, last of his dynasty.

Day in, day out, the newspapers continued the story. A circular forecourt was unearthed, covered with beautiful mosaics. One room leading into the forecourt showed a masterpiece of hand-laid mosaics. A lion was shown jumping at a gazelle while two other gazelles were grazing under the shade of a tree. The

bloodstains near the lion claws were as ruby red as the day the mosaics were laid.

Day after day, Awni stood and wondered at the beauty of what had been unearthed. Court rooms. Steam baths. Swimming pools. Colonnades and ceilings all perfectly decorated . . . But still not the treasure he had awaited for such a long time.

"How is the work getting along?" Awni's father asked one of the workers.

"Perfect," answered the man, "though they say that we have so far unearthed only half of the palace. The rest still lies under the hills stretching ahead of us."

"Did you hear that, my son?"

"I did," Awni replied. "One of these days, after I finish my education, I'll come back again and excavate further."

"Awni is still a dreamer," laughed one of the brothers.

Awni smiled. A dreamer? He did not mind being called a dreamer. He felt sure that many a treasure still lay beneath that sacred land.

(THE END)



JRC ENROLLMENT POSTER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ON YOUR MARK!

November is the time for schools to enroll in the American Junior Red Cross. JRCers are "getting set" to tell their story by giving assembly programs about activities like those pictured on these pages, by displaying posters, by having a parade on school grounds, by exhibits, or by writing slogans on blackboards—such as, "Juniors learn to give and share, helping people everywhere."

KENTUCKY—JRCers at School for Blind, Louisville, make favors for hospital parties (l to r, Grace Carington, George Stokes, teacher Mrs. Lewis Traub, Carole Rondi).

Louisville Times Daily Magazine

MICHIGAN—Howard School third graders, Dearborn, make patchwork quilt for distribution by Detroit Chapter.





MASSACHUSETTS—Fields School JRC-ers, Quincy, prepare booklets to help Hungarian refugee children learn English (l to r, Susan McGonnigal, Bruce Cuddyer, Peggy Vaughn, Barbara Brown, Edward Schwartz, Larry Plummer).



U. S. Army Photo

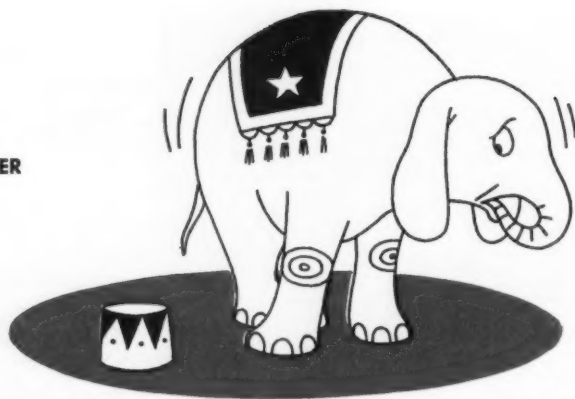
NORTH CAROLINA—Chester Hines completes JRC campaign poster made by Spring Lake Dependents School, Fort Bragg, assisted by teacher Ann Cherry (left) and Merry Staser.



LOUISIANA—Sandra Maybou (left) and John Hage-wood receive enrollment supplies from Mrs. Robert Van Zandt, JRC chairman, Rapides Parish Chapter, Alexandria.

Read-aloud story

By LOUELLA K. BRAMMER



The littlest elephant

MR. WARREN'S FACE was usually one big happy smile as he went about training the elephants at the zoo for the animal show. But today, his forehead was all wrinkled up like an accordion. He was worried about Marabell.

Marabell was the littlest elephant at the zoo and the most bashful. When Mr. Warren spoke to her, Marabell refused to mind. Instead, she put the end of her trunk in her mouth and began swaying from side to side as if to say, "I don't want to."

Mr. Warren decided to speak to his wife about it. She loved the animals too. When they were sick or one of the baby animals needed to be fed from a bottle, his wife took

them home and cared for them as though they were real babies.

So—at lunch time Mr. Warren said, "I'm afraid Marabell isn't going to be in the elephant show after all. The children are going to be terribly disappointed."

"What a shame!" exclaimed his wife. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Mr. Warren. "Marabell's very bashful. All the other elephants have learned to kneel down and bow how-do-you-do and stand on their hind feet. That's quite a stunt for an elephant. But Marabell hasn't learned a thing."

"Do you suppose it's because she feels so little beside all those big boy elephants?" asked his wife.

"Maybe, but we can't make her any bigger. Marabell is always going to be the littlest elephant."

"Perhaps if I talked to her, it might make her feel bigger," said his wife.

"I'm willing to try anything," said Mr. Warren. "But we'll have to hurry. It's almost time for rehearsal."

At the zoo, Mrs. Warren patted Marabell's trunk and told her what a nice elephant she was, and Marabell rubbed her trunk over Mrs. Warren's arm. But when the music started and all the other elephants lined up



Illustrated by
Harry Goff

to practice their how-do-you-dos, Marabell stood there with the end of her trunk in her mouth swaying from side to side.

"Just like a bashful little girl saying, *I don't want to*," laughed Mrs. Warren.

"It isn't funny," said Mr. Warren crossly. "She is holding up our elephant show."

"It's going to take more than talking," said his wife as she walked around Marabell slowly. Then suddenly she stopped. "I've got it!" she cried.

"Got what?" asked Mr. Warren.

"An idea for Marabell, of course. A dollar please," she said holding out her hand.

Mr. Warren handed her a dollar. "It will be worth 50 dollars if you can get Marabell to do her part."

Mrs. Warren was smiling happily as she hurried downtown.

The next day when the elephants lined up for practice, there was Mrs. Warren. In her hand was a big blue bow of ribbon she had bought with Mr. Warren's dollar. She had sewn a small elastic band on it, so it could be slipped on easily.

Mr. Warren held up Marabell's trunk. "I guess this is where it goes," he said.

"No," said his wife going around and slipping it on Marabell's tail. "This is where it belongs. No little girl elephant could feel bashful and shy with a big blue bow like this in back," she said giving it a final pat.

The music started and the elephants formed in line to begin their how-do-you-dos. Everyone waited to see what Marabell was going to do. She hesitated a moment, then took her place in the line.

The next minute Mr. Warren shouted, "Marabell! Look at Marabell!"

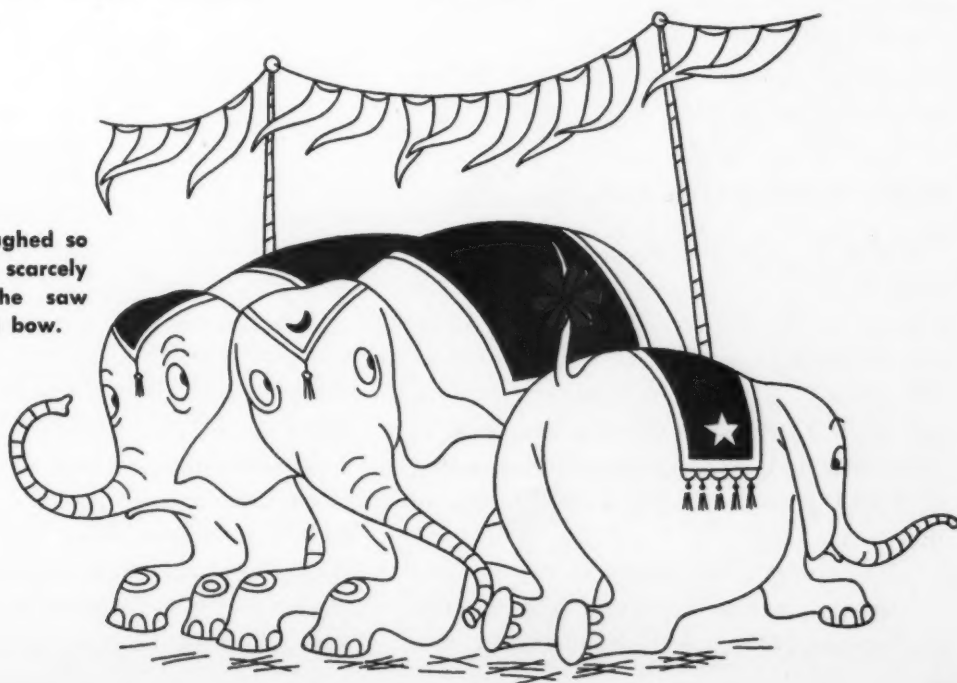
Instead of turning around with her head toward the audience as the other elephants had done, Marabell had turned her back to them. Now, she was kneeling down bowing how-do-you-do while her little tail with the big blue bow on it, waved in the air.

Mr. Warren was laughing so hard he could scarcely speak. At last he said, "And I thought she wasn't learning anything!"

"She knew how to say how-do-you-do all the time," said his wife proudly.

Today, Marabell is no longer bashful. She is the star of the elephant show with the big blue bow on her tail and all of the children love her.

Mr. Warren laughed so hard he could scarcely speak when he saw Marabell's blue bow.



News from our NEWS Readers

"AIMS" FROM BALTIMORE, MD.

From Baltimore comes a list of aims members there decided to think about this year in planning to make their Junior Red Cross program better than ever before. Perhaps you could join Baltimore boys and girls in these aims:

1. To become more active members of the Junior Red Cross so that we shall have a program bigger and better than ever.
2. To improve the quality of our favors and other crafts.
3. To educate the children and teachers in Junior Red Cross purposes and activities.
4. To help our schools take a greater interest in Junior Red Cross work.
5. To check gift boxes for the right items and for no duplications.
6. To recommend the use of the Red Cross movies, "Lending a Helping Hand" and "A Woman Wrote a Letter," for school assembly programs.
7. To use resource materials from Junior Red Cross headquarters.

EXHIBIT PACKET, OMAHA, NEBR.

WE IN ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL, Omaha, Nebraska, feel very honored to have made an exhibit for the American Junior Red Cross international program. We chose Spain as the country to which to send our exhibit. We made the exhibit because we want to help bring about better understanding among boys and girls in the various countries of the world.

This exhibit is the third one we have sent to a foreign country. We used reference books and obtained information from business con-

cerns and from the chamber of commerce.

A boy in our class contacted the *South Omaha Sun* to take a picture of our exhibit so our neighbors in Omaha might get acquainted with this Junior Red Cross project. Another boy took pictures himself.

We set up the exhibit when complete and invited the faculty and other classes to see it. Our pictures and other materials were mounted on red, white, and blue construction paper for display.

This exhibit was a lot of fun to make and at the same time we feel we've really accomplished something worthwhile in international understanding.

THEME SONGS FROM THE "NEWS"

From the District of Columbia chapter comes word that the JRC Elementary Council has chosen as its theme song for its monthly meetings: "A Song is Friendly Magic" (March 1956 NEWS). In Sonoita, Ariz., the Empire School has adopted as its school song, "Help One Another" (Feb. 1957 NEWS).

GOLDEN RULE BOXES

When you fill gift boxes to send overseas, do you ever stop to think about the boy or girl who will receive that box? Do you put in articles you yourself would like to receive?

Too many boxes are carelessly packed. Some of the items are not fresh and new. Some are filled only with bars of soap. Some boxes are only half full.

Suppose you and your class try next time to pack the kind of boxes you would like to have sent to you. Make your boxes Golden Rule Boxes. Remember that gift boxes speak louder than words about you and your school and your country.

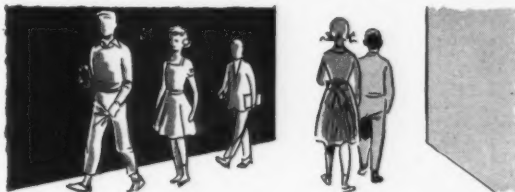
Be Sharp! Be Safe!

By JEAN NOWAK

Jolly Jim and his friends are good teachers, you'll see,
If we follow their lessons, sharp and safe we will be.

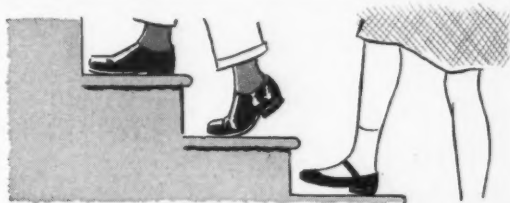
Jolly Jim and his friends easily discover
Traffic lanes for one another.
To walk is best, they always claim.
Run-sheep-run is a playground game.

In your school building, walk to the right, in proper lanes.



On one thing you can always count—
Jim and Sue will never try to mount
By skipping steps or passing friends.
They know such action brings bad ends.

*When going up or down stairs, take one step at a time.
Don't crowd.*



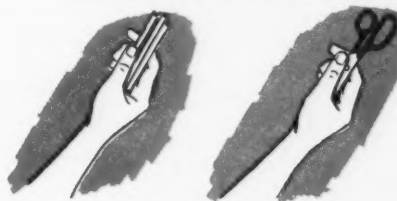
When Jim and Jack go for a drink,
They walk in single file.
They're quiet and they wait their turn,
Courteous all the while.

At a drinking fountain, give everyone a fair chance.



Jim and his friends know all the rules
For using pencils, scissors, sharp-pointed tools.
They always keep them closed and down
Whenever they are walking 'round.

Carry scissors, pencils, compasses with points down.



Jim knows better than to tip and turn.
He plants his chair with four legs firm.
A sudden bump will find him ready,
On solid ground that keeps him steady.

Watch your balance at all times. Never tilt back in a chair.



Jim and Ted play from morn to night without
a bit of trouble.
By always practicing "rules of the game" they
make their pleasure double.

Think of others when you're on the playground. Play fair.



Illustrated by
John Donaldson

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 19, 1957

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS:

During the past forty years, the American Red Cross has welcomed the young people of the schools of the United States as junior partners in many errands of mercy. Through the Red Cross, students are able to help their neighbors, here and abroad, wherever human beings are in need.

The youth of America add strength and enthusiasm to the work of the Red Cross. Their spirit of voluntary service is a precious asset in charity, and in every community project which engages their loyalty.

As volunteers, the best kind of workers in the world, the members of the American Junior Red Cross contribute to the welfare of the Nation and mankind. I congratulate you.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

